

A Home With You (By The Sea) by Akayn

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Summary:

'Billy took a step back from the table, but paused when he stepped on something soft. Looking down he saw it was a coat. Bending down to grab it he could tell the fur of the coat was like none he'd ever seen. Large spots in a myriad of grey and black covered it, and the fur was the softest thing he'd ever touched. '

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Based on this tumblr prompt; <https://howtobangyourmonster.tumblr.com/post/169581303658/oops-dropped-your-coat-you-cheerfully-pick-up>

Billy skirted tables and patrons as he made his way through the dining area and to the back exit. He still had 3 hours left on his shift but he was dying for a cig. Bev had been on his ass like always. “Billy your shirts wrinkled.” “Billy you need a shave, you look like a bum.” “Billy you smell like smoke, haven’t I told you strong smells put off the customers?” Beverly Johnson was a good lady, she didn’t put up with any shit, but she still cared.

After he left that shit town of Hawkins, Indiana he’d made his way back to California. Once he arrived was when reality set in, no friends, no family, no money. But he didn’t care, slumming it in Huntington beach was better than living under Neil’s fists any day. Billy had bummed around, sleeping in his car at night, and begging for money during the day. Bev had passed him one morning. He’d been loitering in the entryway of some fancy restaurant. He still remembered the look on her face as he had asked for some change. She’d stopped and stared for a good minute before giving him a look of disappointment. “Don’t you know you too pretty to be a bum?”

He’d been confused at her comment, he hadn’t had a conversation with anyone in weeks, he figured it was cause he hadn’t shaved or had a proper shower since he’d left. People would just toss change in his direction, nobody ever stopped. She sighed “I ain’t got no change boy, but I can get you a job, and a couch to sleep on till you get your feet. But lemme tell you this, you fuck me around and I will beat your ass, got me?” He’d been shocked by the offer, but he’d gladly accepted. He’d slept on her couch till he got a couple paychecks and could rent a little shack, right on the beach like his mamma always talked about. It was probably much shittier than what she had

imagined but it was his and it was home.

His mom had always said she wanted the simple life. She'd take him to the beach as much as possible, just to get away from Neil for a couple hours. They'd play in the water until Billy got too tired, then they would build a sandcastle together. Billy would listen as she talked about the future. "Just a tiny house baby, right there on the beach. It'll have plenty of windows. I'll open them every morning and night, we'll smell the sea and feel the wind. It'll be perfect, what do you say baby?" Billy would smile up at her, watching the way her long, curly blonde hair would shine and whip around her face from the wind. He could still see her smile, brighter than the sun, and so full of love.

Her smile had faded 3 years before he moved to Hawkins, the cancer had drained all the life from her. He tried not to remember the way she looked on that hospital bed. So small and pale. Days before she passed she'd smiled that familiar smile, a small hand coming up to catch his cheek as she told him, "right on the beach baby, don't you forget it." Billy had nodded, the lump in his throat and Neils firm hand on his shoulder keeping the tears from escaping. Although he'd never gotten to tell her, he had made a silent promise. He was gonna get that beach house with too many windows and he'd open them every morning and night just so he could always remember that day on the beach. That every time he looked through the windows and to the horizon he'd be able to her sun bright smile.

He'd told Bev that story when she'd asked about his parents one night. They were sitting on her porch, shooting the shit and getting drunker than they should have on a work night. He hadn't mentioned Neil, if Billy had it his way he'd never think of that man again. His mom was all that mattered, she'd been loving enough to last him a lifetime.

Bev had listened, taking a swig of her beer before saying solemnly, "Sometimes life bites us, Billy. But just know I'm here for you. Whatever you need you got me, you understand?" Billy had smiled that night, the first real smile in a long time. He hadn't had

somebody care about him in a long time, he'd forgotten what it felt like.

2. Chapter 2

Billy was so close to 15 minutes of cigarette freedom, before Bev stepped in front of him. Her short round stature more intimidating than any beach bodybuilder he'd ever seen. "Another break boy?" She eyed him closely. "Take these waters to table seven first, then You can take your break. And when your done air yourself out good, ain't nobody wanna smell an ashtray when they're eatin. Got it?"

She didn't wait for a reply before she was shoving the waters into his hands and stalking off toward the kitchen. Sighing Billy turned back around, and walked back toward the front of the restaurant. It was 8pm but the dining area was still full of the rich elite, all dressed to the nines. Bow ties and six inch stilettos abound. Billy barely paid any mind to the couple sitting at table seven before he placed the glasses on the square coasters. Some young guy with big hair and an older, but still beautiful woman. If Billy had any say he could tell the woman was very into the man. She was leaning forward both breasts nearly squeezing out of her much to small dress. The man was obviously not as interested, leaning away and mumbling disinterestedly. Billy stepped back from the table, but paused when he stepped on something soft. Looking down he saw it was a coat. Bending down to grab it he could tell the fur of the coat was like none he'd ever seen. Large spots in a myriad of grey and black covered it, and the fur was the softest thing he'd ever touched.

A soft gasp drew his attention, looking up from the coat he met the eyes of the man. Billy had seen his fair share of beach beauties but this man took the cake. His soft brown eyes, bowed lips and pale skin made him the most beautiful person he'd ever seen. But as he locked eyes with the man he could tell they were filled with a fear Billy had never seen, as the man's eyes trailed from his and towards the coat Billy realized he still had it clutched in his hands. Billy blushed as his rudeness, if Bev were here to witness him clinging to a guests coat she'd never let him hear the end of it. Billy held the coat towards the man, still embarrassed. "Dropped your coat sir."

Billy was confused as he watched the man's eyes grow impossibly wide his mouth dropping open slightly in obvious shock. The man

reached hesitantly for the coat, their hands brushing slightly before the man had the coat cradled closely against his chest. Billy gave a slight bow before stepping back and making his way out the back exit.